

Lights by givupdafunk

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Summary:

Post STS2 Jancy. Thursday evenings offer them time for exploration and intimacy as they fall deeper in love.

This fell out of my head and wouldn't go away until written. Enjoy.

1. Chapter 1

Summary for the Chapter:

Post STS2 Jancy. Thursday evenings offer them time for exploration and intimacy as they fall deeper in love.

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"How many ties do you think you have?" She asks. She needs 6 but she'll settle for 2.

"Oh, I don't know 3? Oh no wait, 5 or 6... why?"

Nancy is so excited right now but if she's going to surprise Jonathan she needs to play it aloof, cool. It's her specialty.

"Oh just wondering. Mike has like 2 and my dad has 20 at least. But I can't talk because well you've seen my closet." She distracts from any signs of her agenda with self deprecation.

Later in the week, she'll get her chance. Her sources of inspiration are odd, to say the least. However, she can't stop thinking about a certain fantasy. She's been with Jonathan long enough that she thinks he may just be open and, more importantly, dark enough to help her scratch this itch. It's sensual. And expressive. Like him.

It's a Thursday, their favorite day, because his mom works late, and Will hangs out at Mike's until she gets off and picks him up. They have his house to themselves on Thursdays.

They really love kissing. Kissing one another. Every time Jonathan tenderly slides his lips along hers she feels light flickering everywhere down to her toes, his soft tongue expresses, sometimes forcefully, how much he wants her, respects her, needs her. She reciprocates equally.

Thursdays always involve lots of kissing and groping on the sofa while trying to finish homework. No matter how hot it gets, one of

them, usually Nancy, keeps them practical and insists that they finish work first and then they can lick every inch of each other's bodies. Some days are more difficult than others.

She finished her school work first and was keeping herself busy elsewhere in the kitchen and his room, but after awhile returns next to him on the couch to see how it's going. He's almost done with his math homework, their last obstacle. He's leaned over the coffee table writing. She's up on her knees next to him on the sofa, leaning on to his back, her head peeking over his right shoulder.

"Is this your last one?"

"Yes."

"Yay." She lifts back and pulls up at his shirt. "New rule. Have to do the last one topless." He doesn't resist her, sitting up straight and lifting his arms over his head so she can remove his black t-shirt. The sight of his beautiful bare back still makes her blush a tiny bit. Just to make sure he's properly motivated, she continues with the new rule, "...both of us, have to..." she whispers just behind his ear.

She starts to pull her sweater off - he's losing focus, his pencil stalling in mid stroke, head tipping in her direction against his will. She drops her sweater onto the couch, then unclasps her bra, removes it, dangling the straps as they tickle down his arm, and tosses it onto his paper, one strap looping around his pencil. He inhales sharply and she leans forward gently dragging her nipples along his back and shoulder. His shoulders rise and fall.

"Whoops..." she whispers into his ear, pressing her warm, soft breasts into his back as she lifts the bra off of his paper. His mouth falls open and finally lets out the first sigh. She continues kissing soft moans into his ear. Her hot breath arouses him further. Between the feel of her hot, firm nipples on his back, the feel of her flesh, and the sex crazed noises she is making in his ear, he has no choice - he drops the pencil. Homework time is over for today.

He twists towards her, placing his hands on her hips as their mouths find each other in a passionate, moaning kiss, at last, her hands working through his long hair.

The evening light is almost gone from the front windows as they continue to hungrily nip and suck at each other's wanting mouths; he holds her face in his hands gingerly with pulses of gripping need. One hand slides down to caress and pull at her nipples. She slides her hand down his front to grab at his hard cock through his jeans. He responds by sliding his arm around her and leaning forward, suggesting she lay down. She lays back on the couch and he eases slowly on top of her, still kissing.

The last part to meet is the hungriest as he pushes his hardness into the heat between her spread legs. Their mouths separate in gasps, eyes clenched closed, sharing the intensity of that contact. He knows just the right amount of pressure to apply to really drive her wild. She knows the right moment to lift and circle her hips back against him. Both see starlight flashing on the insides of their pleasure closed lids. They feel each other's lips, tongues, hear their sighs and growing whimpers. Hooking fingers into the belt loops on his jeans, she pulls him in more intensely as his spine rolls in waves, back and shoulder muscles flexed.

"Get these off. Now." She whines.

He stands and extends a hand to help her up. She assumes the gesture is so they can go to his bedroom.

As soon as she stands he begins to undo and push her pants and panties down her legs so she can step out. He slides his hand between her legs, gently rubbing and patting her soft flesh, making her twitch. He hasn't even peeled back her folds but he can feel how wet she is already, hears her inhale when he taps his finger on the sweet flesh folded over her clit. He exhales a stuttering sigh. He can't wait any longer, his brain lusty and incapable of complexities at the moment.

"Here." It's the only word he can form, she's practically driven him mute, as he leads her over to the dining room table in the front room while he unbuttons his pants. She catches on and sits on the edge, as he steps between her legs and she feverishly helps him push his pants down. His hard cock springs free but doesn't wait long. He pats her clit with the tip - she reacts by leaning back and opening her legs wider - and runs it up and down her sticky opening, teasing, separating, watching her face, nearly pleading. They both sigh with

relief, as he shoves inside of her easily.

The table creaks a little from his thrusts. Their tongues and lips push and snap and roll - two electrical storms writhing against the other. She claws her way down his lean back to his waist, pushing into him. His whole hand nearly covers her petite back, caressing her gently as he fills her roughly, time after time.

Her head falls back, gasping for air, and he helps her lay back on the table, bending her flexible legs back and open as he adjusts to the new deeper angle. From his elbows he plumbs her deep and hard, maybe deeper than ever. She emits a groan that turns into a yell. He can't look away from her face. She's coming with a strength he hasn't seen before. His. Nothing is hotter than Nancy, Nancy coming hard and loud with his dick buried deep inside her. That pushes him over into free fall; he pushes in deep, from his toes up, moving the table across the floor, nothing is safe from the force of their unleashed passion.

He's momentarily light blinded, hearing only her gasping whimpers, feeling her accelerated breaths on his neck, her hand gripping his shoulder blade, his hot cum inside her hotter walls. When vision returns, he kisses her several times on the cheek, as her heavy lidded eyes widen enough to let him know she's ok.

"Yah." "Yah." they echo through their pants. His sweaty forehead drops to her shoulder, catching his breath. After a few beats, he moves to her nipples, biting on to one as he slowly withdraws, both actions sparking her blue eyes.

"I was just innocently trying to finish my homework..." he trails off smiling.

"Huhuh," She huffs with a laugh, "you can finish that in five minutes. I couldn't wait." She wraps her arms around him, interlacing her fingers on his back. They lock eyes and touch foreheads together. He nips kisses from her plump red lips, and then helps her sit up again. She leans against his warm chest, still holding him, as he rubs her back with warm, gentle hands.

"I'm hungry." He says quietly.

“Me tooooo,” she whines, suddenly ravenous.

“What do you want for dinner, my love?”

“Kinda looks like I was your dinner.” She smirks.

“My mom can never know about this.” He kisses her, lightly laughing, and then pulls back smiling at her expectantly. “So can I make you dinner?”

Oh yah, he’s still waiting for an answer about dinner. She’s still woozy. “I dunno, yah, something light.” She remembers she has a surprise for him, “just save room for dessert...”

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Nancy is bold and horny. Jonathan has no problem with that.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yes: I am a dreamer. For a dreamer is one who can only find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees the dawn before the rest of the world.

-Oscar Wilde

Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven)

Claire De Lune (Debussy)

They move the table back and clean up their clothes. He puts only his pants back on, she slips on his black t-shirt and her panties. Nancy starts warming up vegetable soup and making sandwiches while Jonathan finishes his last homework question. After he finishes, he comes in and takes over while she sits at the table watching him, bare chested in just his jeans, stirring soup. He looks so innocent and sweet. She's suddenly nervous that maybe he won't go along with her plans. Maybe he'll be upset, bothered, horrified. Maybe she should back out. There's still time. He hasn't gone into his room yet.

"Here ya go." He's proudly putting soup and half a turkey sandwich in front of her.

"Thank you." She beams appreciatively.

When he's joined her they eat and talk. Or sometimes they don't. Being introverts they both are ok with some silence. She calls her mom to let her know she's eating dinner here and staying over tonight. Jonathan asks to speak to Will and the brothers check in; she loves that these brothers have such a close bond. Of all the sexy things he is and does, she loves him the most when he shows her his heart.

It's only about 6, leaving them about 3 more hours before Joyce and Will get home. He's finished up washing dishes and comes to take her hand as she sits at the kitchen table flipping through this morning's paper. "It's a little chilly out, but you wanna go take a walk?" He asks. She has other ideas, and it's now or never.

"Sounds nice, but... I was thinking we'd go lay down for a bit. I have uh... hmmm... an idea, something to suggest, um... a proposition, I guess..." she nervously grips his hand with both of hers.

"Whoa, ok..." He chuckles awkwardly. "So mysterious. Should I be worried?" He sits, adding his other hand on top of her grasp.

"No, I think... I hope you'll like it. I've been scared to say anything for awhile, it's kind of... I dunno..." she's rambling and losing track. His eyes are wide, uncertain what to do. She takes a deep breath and refocuses. "Before I tell you, know that you can do it to me, too." He nods, part nervous, part excited, eyes still wide.

"Remember when El was in the salt bath? At the school?"

"As if I could forget, yes."

"Well she had those goggles on, blocking the light... to heighten her senses...?"

Recognition sparks in his darkening eyes. He nods. He stands up. "Got it. Yes, let's go." He guides her hand and starts leading her down the hall before she can tell him the rest.

"Ohh... okay... well... wow, you're ok with that?"

"Yes, I've thought about it. I've thought about doing it to you, but also you doing it to me... or both together. Yes, yes, I want to..." he steps into his room and sees his black tie folded on the edge of the dresser next to his bed... along with... a candle stick and matches...? 'Is this what she was doing while I was finishing math? Jesus. Candle...? Oh god. Won't that hurt?' He thinks.

"Oh, wait. What... why is that there?" He's starting to stall so she reacts.

“Uh, nothing, ambience. I can move it...” she does, it’s too much, he’s not ready for that, now she knows. That made him nervous. He still spooks easily. Abort. Trust issues, remember?

She goes to him wrapping herself up in a hug.

“Jesus, Nance. You scared me. I’m just thinking pleasure... not... pain...” She decides this isn’t the moment to explain her thoughts on the connection between the two.

“Of course. Of course.” She leans up coaxing a reassuring kiss from his soft lips. Nipping until he relaxes and begins to kiss her back, running soft fingers through her hair. They move to sit on the edge of the bed.

“Ok,” he pulls away but keeps their faces close. “I maybe should’ve let you finish your proposition in the kitchen. Let’s start over. What do you want me to do?”

“Well, for starters, get naked.”

“I can do that.” He says and stands dutifully and removes his pants. She bites her lip looking at his cock, semi erect already.

“Oh, and I have a sleep mask. Easier than a tie. Can I get it?”

She pauses. Didn’t expect that. Had never seen one here before. “Uh, sure. Yah, that is better. When did you...” he’s digging in his dresser avoiding the question.

“Here ya go.” He presents it to her sheepishly. ‘He HAS thought of this,’ she realizes, her nerves moving to excitement.

“Ok, lay back and get comfortable.”

He lays down in the middle of the bed. “Good?”

“Yep.” She walks towards him on the bed on her knees and straddles his chest. Leaning over she starts to put the sleep mask on him, but leaves it on his forehead, not yet covering his bright eyes. His face looks so innocent, but this is also the same man who scratched up the flooring and nearly broke a table fucking her earlier, so here she

goes.

“So there’s one more thing.” His eye brow furrows and his eyes narrow.

“Yes...?”

“I tied neckties to the legs of your bed. Like we did with the rope when we had to restrain Will.” Yes, she learned this when they had to tie Will to the bed in order to burn out a monster. She knows it’s another strange inspiration. Yet, she thinks, if anyone would not judge, it’s Jonathan.

“Are you willing to let me... restrain you? Just your arms to start. To see if you like it. If it makes it more intense. If you hate it at any point I will stop... I swear... I’ll untie you immediately... and no pain... promise...”

Ok, she did it. She’s rambling, and his expression is still unclear, but she did it. Shit she’s really not sure what she’s doing. Is there really a right or wrong way to do this? Are they both too naive? Playing at something that’s way over their heads?

His face softens, and his hands are gently rubbing her thighs. He’s contemplating. She can feel his chest rising and falling under her hands, but he’s not looking at her. He’s looking down and away, beyond her. ‘Shit, say something, anything.’ She pleads internally, trying not to lose her cool.

His hands stop rubbing her thighs and give her a firm squeeze on her hips. He suddenly takes a deep breath and looks right at her. “Ok.”

She’s secured both wrists so they are not too tight. It went smoother than anticipated.

She started with his right wrist. Just before she bound his left he realized something.

“How will I touch you?” He had asked, pitifully.

“You won’t. You’ll just want to... really badly. You’ll fall into your

memories... of touching me... to cope.” At least that’s what she’s imagined. This is uncharted territory for them both. She’ll be deprived of his hands too, she realized in that moment.

“Ok.” She had kissed his scarred palm, watching him close his eyes, and try to slow his breathing. Then she had secured the final knot.

“You ok? Comfortable?” She’s searching his eyes for panic. His cock has been extremely hard the whole time. “Ready for lights off?”

The only light in the dimly lit room now is his small reading lamp on his bedside table. She’s turned it towards the wall so most of the light is blocked or diffused, leaving just enough for her to see, but also depriving her of full vision.

He looks right and left at his secured hands and then at her. He takes a deep breath. “Yah. Yah. I’m ready. Kiss me.” She kisses him gently, sensually, becoming more aroused as she realizes what’s actually, finally happening. She covers his intense eyes. She’ll be deprived of the fire in his eyes as well.

She almost forgot music, so she hops off the bed. He can hear her feet softly padding across the floor, the familiar click of the ‘Play’ button on the tape deck, the sounds of her coming back to the edge of the bed. She pauses to look at him in the dimly lit room, his lean, beautiful body, quivering with the anticipation of her return. She slowly gives him the sensations he is waiting for, the squeak of the bed springs, her warmth settling back down next to him.

Soft classical piano tones begin - she’s been opening his mind to classical music. It’s nice. Sensual. Emotional. Anything more might be too much for a first time. She made this mixtape for specifically this. Somber, but comforting, passionate.

His feet are not tied and his heels are occasionally digging in as he’s bucking his hips, expelling nervous energy, but he’s also relaxing, not saying much, just panting. She’s been so focused on getting to this point that she’s just now, in this moment, finally letting herself go.

“Can you hear what I’m doing, Jonathan?” She says as she starts to pull the t-shirt off over head. He hears rustling and remembers it’s his

t-shirt she's wearing.

"Yes."

She starts to remove her panties, flicking the elastic.

"Yes. You're naked now." He sighs heavily.

She tickles the silky panties up his chest, starting just below his navel, dangles them over his face until he reacts and then drops them on his neck. Inhaling deeply, he reacts to the familiar smell.

"Fuck, Nance... this..." She stops him with a deep kiss. She can smell her own aroma, too.

"Try not to talk. Just stay... present. But wordless. Unless I talk to you. Can you do that?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Thank you, baby. I love you."

"I love you, Nancy, so much..."

"Shhhhhh..."

"Sorry."

"Hush now."

Her hands start to stroke down his chest, tapping and teasing, walking that line between pleasure and tickling. She doesn't want to tickle. He'd hate that. She wants to keep his trust. It's a gift he's given her, and she doesn't want to abuse it. Not until he wants her to.

His breaths and pants swell with the crescendos of Bach, her nimble, creative fingers at the instrument. She puts her left hand by his mouth and he licks her scar erotically. She melts further into the darkness.

She adds in her tongue. Starting at his ear and working down his neck, along his jawline, into his sensitive neck, flicking his collar

bones with her tongue, rewarding his stillness with soft pecks. He tests his restraints for the first time when she circles her tongue around his chest and lands soft teeth on his nipple. His teeth gnash and he yells, balling his fists and trying to yank free.

“Stop?”

“No, no.” He sighs, relaxing. His breathing is heavy, but focused. His senses are overloaded already, but it’s everything he hoped it would be. He’s losing control. To her. He’s so aware of the sounds of his excited breaths.

She continues to flick her tongue at his nipples, emboldened by his willingness to push on, over aroused. He’s learning to feel the pleasure inside the discomfort. She’s now breathing soft kisses down the dip in the center of his pecs, moving lower, dragging her teeth on the edge of his rib cage, biting softly at his soft heaving abdomen. He bucks his hips and digs his heels in, so she slides her hands down his thighs and turns to straddle him backwards as her mouth takes him in without hesitation.

He yells in pleasurable surprise and bucks but she holds him down, now sliding her hips down to rub her clit on his chest. That sensation alone makes him nearly choke on his own spit. She’s using her forearms to hold his thighs down while using one hand and her mouth to reward his shaft. He’s flopping his head against the pillow, trying to lift his head to reach her ass, and then falling back teased and defeated. She moves her ankles over his shoulders to hold them down, her feet next to his head. His imagination fills in every delicious blank. He turns side to side to kiss her wherever he can reach - foot, ankle, thigh, heels - still sensing the treasure dripping on his chest.

She slowly pushes back towards him, finding him by his hot breaths, his tongue eagerly awaiting. He flicks her labia with his tongue, excited to finally make contact. She dips herself further then pulls away, teasing him, then surrenders to her own wants and lets him feast. She thinks he may have mumbled “thank you” into her crevice before hungrily licking and exploring. His tongue firm and extended, she works her clit against it’s wet warmth as she desires, dropping her weight on his face as his tongue stabs inside of her. She gasps and

has to stop sucking him to catch her breath.

The soft, emotional first notes of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata begin and she wonders what Jonathan sees behind that mask hearing the nocturnal scene. The plaintive notes remind her that she misses his touch. His hands, specifically. It's torture to be denied his hands. He is sucking, slurping and snapping at her opening. The soft sighs he directs into her opening curl her toes and send goosebumps down her neck. She rubs his cock on her face, bouncing against her open mouth, breathing desperately, mindlessly, then slides him into her mouth again. He shouts deep inside her, humming his gratitude against her clit.

She doesn't want them to come yet, this is too good. He's counting on her to be in control. He whimpers as she slides his meal away from him, but he maintains enough to just whine, and not speak. Jonathan is now fully present, and engaged, licking desperately, mindlessly at the juices left behind on his face. Behaving, and grateful for whatever she will allow him.

She misses his hands, his touch, so she'll improvise. She wants to feel his warm, hard cock everywhere. She wants to feel all of his body in ways she never has before. Because he can't see her she's more willing to close her eyes and writhe her body all over him with abandon. She feels his hot skin, smooth in spots, hairy and rough in others. He's over stimulated feeling so much of her body on his. She slides her nipples down to his feet, and holds his cock tight between her thighs. He howls and pumps between the tension. She can tell when he gets close to the edge, so she releases him. She dips a toe into his mouth, and he hungrily slurps at her feet. She captures his cock again between her legs and feels him pant against the toes in his mouth, pushing between her legs, groaning at all of the amplified sensations. When he's at the edge, she opens her thighs again, feeling his cock bouncing against the flesh at the apples of her ass.

His whimpers have devolved into pitiful, plaintive squeaks. She starts dragging her nipples up his legs, allowing her hair to fall onto his body as well, in light trails. She continues up his inner thighs and across his cock, as he twitches, trying to hold still. He's spitting through clenched teeth, breathing bordering on hyper ventilation.

She's been holding him on the edge. Holding herself on the edge. For longer than she thought possible. She slides back onto his chest, warm, wet and sticky. She reverses to face him. Dropping instantly to find his mouth. He's whimpering as he kisses her. She reaches back to rub his cock between the valley of her ass cheeks.

"How are you, love?" She whispers.

"It's intense, amazing. I want to touch you so bad!" He's ferocious, and snarling, breathing out of control.

'Fuck, this is killing him, and me!' Beethoven scores her turmoil. She's keenly aware of every cell crying out for a simple touch of his hands. Becoming aware of the fact that she's in control, she realizes she can have whatever she wants. She caves, falling towards his wrist to untie the knot.

He barely has one hand free when he grabs around her waist digging his heels in to the bed to push so he slides up to lean against the headboard. She's deliriously working on the other knot as he lifts her up and slides her down on his heat. She gasps and flails, bouncing and feeding her need. She's never heard either one of them grunt and groan like this. Both hands free now, he runs his hands up her back, clutching into her hair and filling her mouth so hard she pulls away gasping for air. She braces her hands on his shoulders as she rides him, eyes clenched shut in illuminated ecstasy. They feel everything. Everywhere. Everywhere.

As her forehead falls to his she realizes her vision is cross eyed and blurry, but she feels soft, sweaty material and remembers he's still wearing the sleep mask. She peels it back slowly and he blinks softly, as if he's been unconscious, then locks his eyes on hers with such intensity she feels a shock. The thrusts intensify and they melt together deeper, tipping off the edge, and flying, starting to come, yelling through full mouthed kisses. His hands slide down her back and then rise and fall in a series of spine tingling caresses as they explode, full force, around each other.

She falls against him, sweaty, panting and kissing the softness in his neck, the under part of his strong jawline, the only areas she can reach with the limited energy she has left. He's stroking her back

preciously, as if he appreciates her flesh more. Her hips twitch and circle on his lap, releasing the final aftershocks. He wraps her up tight, trying to cover and touch all of her at once. He kisses her softly on her head, resting his cheek against hers, as she nuzzles further into his neck. The opening notes of Claire De Lune offer more moonlight, with the promise of dawn.

He slides back down to lay on the bed, keeping her on top of him, and lets her fall off to sleep on his chest, his arms her blanket. She is heavy and satiated on his chest as he kisses her forehead softly, brushing her hair out of her eyes. He eventually manages to pull the covers up over them, and switches off the light. There's no need to ask if she wants them on or off.

Lights are an illusion. Dreams are the truth. And this dream is just beginning.

Notes for the Chapter:

I've always enjoyed the recurring lights theme in the Jancy canon and decided to attempt to add another layer, inspired by a Wilde quote and some Beethoven. Kinda went places I didn't expect, but that's dreams for ya. Hope you enjoyed.